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The Liberal

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"LINCOLN—THE HERETIC"

A Sermon Delivered in The Peoples Church by Dr. Bradley. Stenographically Reported.

The theme of Lincoln always has a tendency to overpower me in some strange way. There is a majesty about it; there is a sweep about it; it has an element of latitude that seems to stretch out far beyond the confines of any one speech or the utterance of any one man; it has all of the elements of the sky; it has all of the challenge and mystery of the sea; and is encompassed about by a limitless range of emotions.

Here he stands within the memory of some in this audience this morning. They have looked upon his face, have taken him by the hand, heard the melody of his voice, and yet—and yet, the poets who knew him have tried to fathom the beauty of his genius, and they failed. The very finest sculptors have tried to capture and imprison within marble and stone something of the secret of his strength and his power, and yet, they have all found their subject so unfathomable that even the keenness of their own genius could not penetrate into the holy of Holies of his life. The dramatists have tried it. Mr. John Drinkwater has given us that great and beautiful play of Abraham Lincoln. The essayists have tried it; ministers have tried it. Lincoln has been the most challenging theme that interpretative genius has ever had to face.

When I think of the challenge of Abraham Lincoln I think of the inability of ordinary mortals like ourselves—or, perhaps I better speak only for myself, of finding the answer, of penetrating the mystery, of understanding much of his genius, or of fathoming that great heart! The heart of Abraham Lincoln has always meant much to me. His classic achievement of ultimately being able to utter classic phraseology is not so much of a mystery, for his training in developing the purity of his English was the best training possible for one. He had a familiarity with the King James' version of the Bible and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." This, associated together with the elemental contacts of the earth, gave to Lincoln an enviable classicism. Abraham Lincoln's phraseology was Anglo-Saxon. He mastered one language, and thought in that language. I have often thought it was much better to know one language and be able to have an idea to express in that language than to know many languages and no ideas to express in any of them.

Abraham Lincoln's sovereignty of intellect was the sovereignty of ideas. By cultivation in the language of his nativity he was able to acquire a medium of expression that was classic. He was able to develop such a niceness of choice in regard to words that no one needs a commentary to penetrate to the truth that Abraham Lincoln had in mind. While the Professor of English Literature at Harvard has told us repeatedly and has given the reasons for saying, that Lincoln's use of the word "highly"—that "we do here 'highly' resolve"—is comparable in its exactness and distinctiveness to any utterance of Shakespeare.

When we come therefore to this

aspect of the life of Lincoln, we find ourselves challenged immediately, if we attempt to explain him by any standard that man has thus far constructed for the measurement of life. Lincoln seems to be the great exception to everything. We are told in the principles of education the needs of university scholarship, and here comes a man who never went to school in his life over a period of probably eighteen to twenty weeks. An exception. We are told that the graces of political life can only be successfully met by men who possess the elements of compromise in order that they may win politically, and yet you can analyze carefully every utterance of Abraham Lincoln, public and private, that we have extant today, and there cannot be found one utterance that reveals a compromise by Abraham Lincoln when the question was an issue of right and wrong.

There he stands, like a piece of granite, rough hewn, sculptured by sorrow and sadness,—but he stands, the uncompromising genius of the ages. He went from political obscurity and political defeat to the highest elective office on earth. He was defeated for congress, defeated for membership in the legislature of this State, and writing to his old law-partner that he was coming back to Springfield and devote the rest of his life to the practice of his profession it seemed his career was over. Lincoln stands here in the political history of America as the great exception. You cannot measure his political achievements by any of the standards that measure the achievements of mediocrity and men of lesser genius.

Then in the world of social graces! We are frequently told that the social arts require a certain finesse and a certain delicacy and gentility that belongs always with the association of the words —ladies and gentlemen—and yet, Abraham Lincoln had none of the physical graces that we associate with those early years and later years of the men of genius like William Ewart Gladstone. William Ewart Gladstone stood out in the history of the politics of the British Empire as a man who had the capacity to compromise, if necessary at times, in order to obtain certain political ends, but he had the gentle graces that one might expect from one who had known the highest society manners.

And yet, these two men, one Prime Minister of a great English-speaking world, and the other Prime Minister by sufferance of the electors of a nation; one holding in his hands the destiny of a great Empire, who boasted that the sun never set upon that empire; and the other, coming from a primitive home of the Middle West, he walked upon the stage of the world's destiny with all of the uncouthness and the ugliness, which by the alchemy of the beauty of his character was turned into the beauty of Strength. Coming upon the stage of action these two men pass each other. Late in his life Gladstone was asked what was the most remarkable speech he had ever made. Mr. Gladstone replied: "I have made two. One when I sat in the House of Commons and said 'Gentlemen of this house: Jefferson Davis has founded a new nation.' " And it took four years, together with the great contributions made by a minister, a liberal minister of America—and I have always felt, my friends, that when from a purely economic standpoint England sided with the South, due to the fact that the prosperity of the British Empire was dependent upon the cheap labor of the South, when there was danger of the cotton mills and the various agencies for production of cloth in England being jeopardized, then it was that England felt the justice of the Southern cause in the great tragedy of our Civil War. Then we had in America, standing in our pulpit a great genius of the spoken word. He

had some of the elemental qualities of Abraham Lincoln, whose heart flamed into passion at the thought of servitude of one man toward another; he had something of that elemental primitiveness that is associated with the deep consciousness of right and wrong. This man stood in one of our great Eastern pulpits and heralded the Gospel of Liberality, the Gospel of Love and God, and from that pulpit he experienced great tragedies one after another in his own life. And you can understand the genius of a man like Gladstone in his attitude toward serfdom, his reaction toward the situation. Gladstone's father was an owner of slaves, and the wealth of Gladstone of England was wealth that had been made upon the labor of men who were his slaves.

When Gladstone was asked about his speeches, he said "I have made two great speeches." The first I have told you about.

"But," he said, "the greatest speech I ever made was when I saw the truth of this matter and said, Gladstone you were mistaken." That truth had been presented to the British people by no less a distinguished citizen than probably the most outstanding minister that has ever graced an American pulpit, Henry Ward Beecher . When Henry Ward Beecher went to England and faced the mobs of Birmingham and faced the mobs of Liverpool and of Sheffield and of London, he stood in Birmingham Hall for eighteen minutes while that great audience heaped upon him all of the curses and hisses that it would be possible for an audience to heap upon a man but there stood Henry Ward Beecher! He changed the sentiment of the British people and brought Gladstone to realize the truth of the situation. Henry Ward Beecher, who took into his own pulpit a slave girl, bound in chains, and said to the people of Brooklyn society, "You want to know what this thing is? I will show it to you." And he duplicated in his own pulpit what was being done in the slavemarts of New Orleans, when those who purchased the bodies bought not only for toil, but for sin.

You know, my friends, I have always thought that if the things they say about Henry Ward Beecher were all true he would have won his right to Honor and to God by his powerful contribution to American Liberty. (Applause.)

The American Legion asked me to conduct a service sometime ago and to speak some words for a soldier at the grave, and this I consented to do. But members of the family had asked an ultra-orthodox pastor to conduct the service before they left the home. I sat there in the service and heard this man say that this soldier who had lingered away for eight months in a hospital, the direct result of his honest effort for his country, who did not stop to debate the issues nor ask for reasons, but who went! and who fought! and who today is sleeping under a snow-mantled grave, because he did fight. And this man who calls himself a minister of God had the audacity to say to that broken hearted family that he was dead and God had taken him because he was a sinner. And it was sin that had killed him! I say in the presence of such theology that it is a LIE, and I do not believe one word of it, nor would I be guilty of such utterances.

Well, in the development of the character of Abraham Lincoln, we find in him then the great exception all the way through our analysis. He was the great exception in statesmanship; he was the great exception in the development of character. How can you explain the character of Abraham Lincoln by his ancestry? His mother, born out of wedlock, Nancy Hanks; his grand-mother, Lucy Hanks, born out of wedlock. How can you explain by any laws of heredity this genius of Abraham Lincoln?

What does the biologist have

to say? What does science say as it puts under the microscope a drop of the red rich blood of Abraham Lincoln? You cannot explain Abraham Lincoln by any measure of science, you cannot explain Lincoln by any law of eugenics, except insofar as his body and his soul and his blood were untainted by the veneer of civilization. He brought always a purity of tone to his life. Abraham Lincoln was sovereign in his morality, his intellectual morality. Abraham Lincoln thought clearly. He was moral in his intellectual life. His heart was wounded early and the wound never completely healed. He carried something of its sorrow to his grave. Floating upon a flat-bottom boat down the river from New Salem until they came to Rutledge dam, there the flat bottom boat grounded and there Lincoln met Ann Rutledge. Then was born a great love, sanctioned by the God of Love. Abraham Lincoln carried forever after something of the divinity of that love in the depths of his soul. It had a tendency to soften him always toward life and to give him a sympathetic understanding of the great tragedies of life, strewn all about him. Abraham Lincoln was elemental. So science does not explain him; science cannot explain him. I like to think that a part of the great nobility of Lincoln is thinking squarely. Lincoln was a thinker. Lincoln was not swayed by prejudice. Lincoln was logical. Lincoln weighed matters. Lincoln gave considerations. Lincoln was a scholar in his mental life. A scholarship that was born in the purity of uncontaminated sources. Much of his homely measure of judgment was simply the things that had been brought to him by the home-spun life which he lived. Home-spun. There were months and months out of every year in the most formative period of his life that his body only knew two garments, a pair of trousers and shirt, and for six or seven months of the year, so Carl Sandburg tells us in his epic work, the warm rich earth was pressed against the soles of his feet. Carl Sandburg has made a great contribution in his recent two volume life of Lincoln. He tells us much of what I think is the secret of this strength of Lincoln. I have always felt that there was great healing in the earth. Monumental men are always earth men. Veneer does not produce genius. The things that men make do not produce genius, in its elemental and basic sense; earth does it. Abraham Lincoln was born in a cabin with a dirt floor. And when that lovely, sweet, and beautiful Nancy Hanks gave him birth out from under her heart of love, she was resting on a mattress of straw in a cabin without a window. Why, of course, it must have been a cabin without a window, for Abraham Lincoln was to carve a window through to life.

Why, it was earth that moulded Lincoln. He knew how to make a tryst with the forest in order to wrest from nature her secrets. Nature was Lincoln's teacher. It is not to be wondered at that he remained a heretic in religion all of his life. The orthodoxy of his age Abraham Lincoln refused to accept; identifying himself with any orthodox church was impossible to the end of his life.

Abraham Lincoln developed his religious consciousness from nature. It was the God of Nature and of natural development that inspired the genius of Abraham Lincoln in matters of religion. Primitive man, earth man, tree man, lake man, homespun man in the little world in which he lived at home.

I am just wondering as I look toward the leadership of tomorrow in America, I am wondering what the veneer of civilization and society is going to do for our leadership of tomorrow in America. I am wondering what this artificiality is going to do for our future? I wonder where our earth men are coming from? I wonder where the destructions of our

forests and the attack of commerce of our mountains and the pollutions of our sea-fronts and the passing of our wild places and the dwarfing of our streams and the pollution of the air we breathe by the gases of commerce, with great stacks penetrating the skies and belching forth their poisons, with an earth being surfeited with commerce, and I am wondering where the earth men of tomorrow are coming from? It will be the standard by which we can measure our future leadership. I am wondering where they are going to develop that sublimity of morality that was Lincoln's, that morality of intellect, to think rightly and squarely, not to be deceived by artifices or caprices of artificial things in human life.

Lincoln, an earth man, moulded by the elements of earth, living at a time when the crudities of fundamental theology were all about him everywhere, when backwoods preachers were portraying with all possible vividness the tortures of hell, and praising the glories of heaven as the reward for doing good. All of which Lincoln never endorsed. In no single utterance of Abraham Lincoln, public or private, is there one single statement to substantiate any association of Lincoln with the orthodox thought of this or any other age.

Abraham Lincoln remained to the end a man who thought straight in matters of religion. He believed fundamentally in God. He believed in the sovereign beauty and personality of Jesus, the friend of man. He believed in the fundamental moralities of human life. A man may have all of the powers and beauties of religion, and yet possess none of the crudities of orthodox theology. Lincoln was one of the most religious men that ever graced this world's life, yet Abraham Lincoln remained to the end free in his religious thought.

In those early years at New Salem he met the acquaintanceship of such volumes as the "Decline of Empires"; he read for the first time Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason;" he familiarized himself with Voltaire and Volney; he wrote an article attacking the orthodoxy of the day. This article was torn out of his hand by a friend of his and cast into the fire, and as the friend threw the article into the fire he turned to Abraham Lincoln and said "That article would defeat you of ever becoming a public servant in the United States of America." Abraham Lincoln was saved probably from political suicide by the action of his friend.

We have not forgotten, my friends, that the most dangerous thing a public man can do in America who seeks something from the American public is to declare himself out of step with the current religious thought of the age. That is the most dangerous thing a man can do — to think out of the rut religiously. If you follow the crowd, you are safe, but if you dare associate yourself with the minority who think for themselves in religion and refuse to be frightened by churches and their preachers you are in danger. The whole world is in conspiracy against men who think for themselves in the realm of religion.

Abraham Lincoln kept within his heart his theology. He paid tribute to all the churches. We all remember his sentence "God bless the Methodists."

But you must remember that Lincoln could not be measured by any other standard politically. When a delegation of this church and the other waited on Lincoln at Washington, Lincoln, of course, received t h e m as gentlemen and as a gentleman would. He loved them all, but joined none of them. (Laughter). And because he did not join any of them they have all claimed him since. Every little while you will read an article that tries to prove Lincoln was a Presbyterian.

They try to claim Lincoln as a Presbyterian, because he had seats in the First Presbyterian Church at Springfield and was

unusually fond of its pastor Reverend White.

The Spiritualists have tried to claim him because Lincoln developed a mystical element in his theology which is evident in a great many of his utterances. In some of his utterances we find premonitions, but that does not make him necessarily identified with the Spiritualistic group in the philosophy of religion. Not at all. It rather revealed the sensitiveness of the elemental nature.

Now the Unitarians have tried to claim him, and the Universalists; they have all tried to claim him.

Why, everyone is for you when you are somebody. They all want you then. But the kind of folks I like in the world are the folks that are for you when you are nobody! (Applause). That is the kind that count!

Now that Lincoln stands upon the scene of action as the paramount outstanding genius of the world in the realm of democratic philosophy, with the exception of Plato, they all want him, and they all try to claim him, and they read into him this and that and the other. And what is there for us to do?

Ay! The thing for us to do is to listen to Lincoln, and what did Lincoln say? "When I can find a church that has only this for its corner-stone 'Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, with all thy mind, and with all thy soul, and thy neighbor as thyself' then and not until then will I join a church."

Abraham Lincoln said that.

He went to his grave without the official seal of approval from the church of his age.

Do you find any theology in that? Do you find any anxiety about the virgin birth in that? Do you find any of the disturbing things that are commanding the attention of warring theologians in that? Do you find it there in Lincoln? No. Lincoln was bigger than any church man has ever made. (Applause) He was bigger. Lincoln was too big for any of them. He stands today the great classic example of moral force.

Do you remember he ran against Peter Cartwright for Congress? Peter Cartwright was a back-woods Methodist minister. He was holding Revival meetings. And while he was running for Congress Lincoln attended one of these meetings. Lincoln sat there in the church and heard Peter Cartwright. Now, after he was through Peter Cartwright said "All those who desire to go to heaven, please stand." And, of course, they stood up, all except Lincoln, who kept his seat. And then Peter Cartwright said "All those who are anxious to give their hearts to God stand up." They stood up, all except Lincoln. And finally Peter Cartwright's ingenuity was exhausted and he didn't know what to do next and said "Everyone in this audience has risen except Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln, I should like to know where you are going?" Abraham Lincoln unwound his long legs and straightened out his six feet four of body and said "Peter, I am going to Congress." (Laughter and applause.)

And he went! (Laughter.) He defeated Peter (Applause).

Well, of course, one could go on, as I could go on for hours talking of Lincoln today. I have tried only to indicate some of these things. I want to spend the last few minutes that I shall speak to you this morning in trying to bring Lincoln, this heretic in religion, down to an understanding of what his attitude woud be in some of our present problems that we are facing now.

I have often wondered in these days when we are disturbed about crime and criminals and what we can do about it and about the violation of law—I was very happy to find just yesterday as I was investigating some matters in connection with the life of Lincoln, what Lincoln had to say about it.

What Lincoln had to say about it.

My friends, you who have been hearing me in this pulpit all these years, will quite agree that whatever else I am I have always tried to be tolerant, and I hope you will not construe this as an attitude of intolerance for it is not. It is an attitude of Justice.

There are heavy and burdensome problems weighing upon our shoulders in this country. We stand in a very critical position, my friends, more critical, I think, than most people realize.

I am not a calamity howler, nor do I see a completely darkened future, but there is now at work and there is now at stake some problems, on the solution of which will depend the future security of our temple of liberty. I have come to this position, and I make no sweeping statement in regard to any race or any people or any color; I only reiterate what is the fundamental policy of my attitude toward these matters. I believe in placing the responsibility upon the individual rather than upon the race. I do not believe that it is a policy commensurate with our ideals of liberty to sweepingly deny any one particular group from the enjoyment of our American liberty. Please do not construe this to mean that I am becoming intolerant in regard to any of the races of the earth, any of my brothers in the human family of earth, for I am not. What I am saying is this: That the individual—and please do not misunderstand me—the individual violator of the constitution and laws of this America of ours, who comes to us from a foreign country—any foreign country—and who while here, even though he may have taken out his citizenship, does not assimilate the ideals of America to the extent that he will support the constitution and the laws of America, then, as far as I am concerned, I think that it is the height of folly to permit that man to take constitutional refuge under the very constitution he maligns. The place for that man is back in the country from whence he came! (Continued applause).

We do not need such in America, and we can live after they have gone. (Applause.)

Now, I am not speaking of nations. Do not someone go out and say I said that. I said that I am only speaking of individuals. And I say it is true of all offenders. It is just as true of English, Irish, German, French as it is of Sicilians or Latins. It is true of them all.

This is America, and the foreigners who come here and who make their millions by violating American laws ought to have their money confiscated and themselves sent back to the countries from whence they came. (Applause.)

Now, you may say "that is intolerance and that is not like your usual attitude."

Well, my authority for this is Abraham Lincoln.

Let us make Lincoln live again. And I want to read from a speech which Lincoln gave in the city of Springfield on January 27, 1837. The speech was called the "Perpetuation of our Political Institutions."

"Let every American, every lover of liberty, every well-wisher to his posterity swear by the blood of the Revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violation to others. As the patriots of seventy-six did to the support of the Declaration of Independence so to the support of the Constitution and laws let every American pledge his life, his property, and his sacred honor; let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty.

"Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books, and in almanacs; let it be preached from

the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation; and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions, sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars."

That is Abraham Lincoln. This is my authority. And I stand by Lincoln.

It is a great day in New York. They are having a big speech at Cooper Union that night. Horace Greeley announced it in the "Tribune," that a man who had a certain local reputation was going to make a speech.

The night has come. Cooper Union is packed with the elite of the East. This tall, long, awkward, beautiful six feet four man walks out limping. Horace Greeley turns to him and says "Mr. Lincoln, are you lame?" Lincoln said "No but I bought some new boots in New York and they hurt my feet."

In a few minutes Horace Greeley introduces Lincoln. Lincoln made the Cooper Union speech. Even then the electrifying personality of the truth of his philosophy did not penetrate into their hearts. They had to think about it. They came out of Cooper Union, and Horace Greeley and the committee said to Mr. Lincoln, "Just get on that street car there and the conductor will let you off at the Astor House." Lincoln went back to the Astor House in New York City on a street car ALONE from Cooper Union.

One year and eight days have passed. Broadway is echoing with the cheers of thousands. A carriage is coming drawn by four black horses. In that carriage sits the homespun son of Illinois.

A year and eight days from the time he went to his hotel unescorted and alone, Abraham Lincoln went to New York, the President of the United States.

God bless a man that can do that!

"YOUTH AND OUR MODERN PROBLEMS"

A Sermon Delivered in The Peoples Church by Dr. Bradley. Stenographically Reported.

We always think of this "Youth Problem" as a modern problem, when the fact of the matter is that it is not modern at all. Any one who is at all conversant with the great historical development of the human race and who becomes closely associated with its literary and philosophical connections, with those great motifs that have run through the whole development of the human family, will discern page after page from the dramatists and novelists and poets of the world, the modernity of the Youth problem. There has not been a page in all the history of the world that has not had its problem of youth. This problem was just as disturbing to the ancient Egyptians as it is to the modern Americans; this problem was just as disturbing to the ancient Greeks and to the Romans as it is to us. Those of you who are familiar with Socrates, as he attempted to outline the tragedy and the development of the Greek home, know what I am saying is the truth; those of you who are familiar with Tacitus and Livy in Latin literature will agree that they had a very vital youth problem in that period of Latin development.

Edgar Banks one of the outstanding archaeologists of our contemporary life, found upon the buried tablets of Babylon that antedated the Christian era by centuries the ever present youth problem.

The air now is broken with the clash and clatter of pseudo-thinkers and amateur reformers who are telling us because of the badness of things and because of the vice of our youth and because of the lack of their sense of responsibility, both socially and personally and spiritually, because of the tendencies and the signs of the times, the world is about to come to an end, and the whole thing is to wind up in one great colossal tragedy.

This sort of thing, my friends, only comes from poorly informed minds. Men and women who are thoroughly conversant with the great struggles of the human family and who have familiarized themselves with the facts of civilization down through the ages are not deceived, nor do they get unduly excited about this sort of thing. The mind that has a well disciplined foundation and a mind that evidences a familiarity with the great struggle that constituted the background of all progress, never gets excited and disturbed about these matters. Our attitude is one of pity towards the mind that can only see the bankruptcy of civilization and a collapse of all spiritual ideality.

It all goes back to this fundamental observation that all you have to do in order to stir up and agitate the minds of the people is to attempt to capture the spectacular or the purely locative which only has to do with some effervescence and then passes away into the dust of the centuries.

I am not going to assume the attitude, in my discussion of this Youth problem, of the alarmist; I am vitally concerned about our future, but I am not alarmed about it; I am vitally interested in our future, but I have not abandoned its great possibilities. I am worried about our young people today but I am not worried to the point of condemnation. It has always seemed to me that before any one has any solution to make to the problems of our modern life, it is necessary for them to have some sort of sympathetic understanding of the environment in which the young people of today are expressing themselves.

As we go back and review the past ages and trace the development of the human consciousness, watch the environmental reactions upon morals, study our modern social ethics and economics, the relationship between individuals and morals and the wage scale, as we attempt to trace all environmental influences which enter into this thing called "human character" that makes human destiny, then we cannot help but have a spacious and magnanimous attitude toward the problems of today. The scientifically trained mind, the social surgeon, the political scientist, the economist, the man who is not swayed by the artificial, the man who does not let purely emotional reactions dictate his judgment, but a man who tries to penetrate beneath the surface of things and see if after all we are fundamentally a bad lot and there is no help for us will discover grounds for hopefulness. Our young people are not just a lot of irresponsible youths running riot in human society with an abandonment of moral consciousness. Youth loves the word "Freedom" and there is not a word in the vocabulary of modern youth that speaks with more cadence to their souls than the word Freedom. Every little while we come in contact with some young person who is laboring under the hallucination and the falsity of that philosophy of life which says "I want to live my life!" "I want to live My life!" They feel that living life is an utter defiance of the established moralities and conventionalities that make possible a symmetrical condition of human society, rather than a distorted and chaotic condition; a type of youth that we find everywhere, who lovingly takes this morsel called "Freedom" and takes it into his soul and into his heart, only sometime to awaken to the awful moment of disillusionment whereby he discovers—and frequently after a weakened and emaciated body, a

deadened conscience, and twisted soul, make it impossible for him to garner up the broken threads of life and weave them into the cable of sufficient strength to bind him to the high and lofty beauties of existence; that moment of disillusionment comes and he awakens to the fact with a broken body, a weakened conscience and a distorted soul that the thing that he called "Freedom" and "to live my own life" was not Freedom at all, but the grossest form of bondage and imprisonment.

There is a type of youth that feels defiance, utter defiance against all of the established moral codes of life, and with their usual nonchalance we hear them glibly say "Well, I am going to live my own life, and let the world say what it will."

It is not so much what the world says that matters. I rather like that attitude of fearlessness on the part of Youth, that it is not deeply and immediately concerned always with what the world thinks. It is the better mark of valor to hew to your ideals, and let the world think what it may; but it is not so much what the world thinks at all that matters, it is the gradual awakening that will come to each of us when in the mirror of ourselves we see reflected the ghosts, the spectacle, the phantom personality of what might have been! That is what matters most. Our sense of our righteousness destroys what might have been. And the words of the poet are still as true, just as true as they are old, that the "saddest words of tongue or pen are these 'it might have been.'" That is the tragedy. It is not so much, my friends, the tragedy of what this world is going to say about us, what our friends are going to characterize us; the tragedy is that we dig our own grave by a philosophy and a conduct when we might have constructed and lived life that would know not the limitations of the physical and the material world.

When I look about me in the age in which I am living, I am not, my friends, disturbed unduly by this Youth problem at all, for I can see that there is not any age in human history that has not had a problem similar to this, and in many respects just as vital.

Now, I think, we ought to analyze a little bit some of the environmental conditions under which our Youth today is fighting this battle and is struggling with the situation, if we are to have a sympathetic understanding of their viewpoint and to understand something of their struggles.

In the first place, we are living in a moment that is intense with reaction. Any observer of human history cannot help but observe this: that a moment of reaction is just as pregnant with vitality as the moment of action. The war period was a period of action. There were no reactions during the war. It was a period of action. And action manifested itself in the world by climbing up the ladder until it sought to find a great expression of idealism and international peace, and all the nations of the world had objectively the ideal and the ambition that soon and sometime there would be a permanent peace. Well, that was the period of action, and that principle of action as a law of civilization distributed itself down thru the entire structure of the world, and we saw it work itself out in the various vicissitudes of nations, politicians, and so on.

Now the period of reaction has come, and this law of civilization is just as definite as any other law. There can be no action without a reaction. It is true, as every observer knows, that the reaction is just as vital and quite as important to future security as the action itself.

The world went into the turmoil of the primitive. War is always primitive. War is the most primitive instinct in the human heart. The desire to retain possession of that which we have is the primitive instinct in every human heart. The little child prattling upon the floor of his nursery at

home may have within his veins and arteries the finest blood that the science of eugenics can produce and it may have a cultural ancestry extending back generations and generations; it may have had all the advantages of science; prenatal influences may have been carefully guarded; everything which science knows may have been brought to bear upon the life of that child, and yet that little child—pure little animal, pure blooded, without a taint or blemish—and yet that little child on his nursery floor will cling to the little toy that you may want to take away from him, and its pudgy fat fingers will grasp it and it will squeal something like Wallace Ford's "Pigs" at the Cort Theater. He will squeal and hold on to that thing that he wants most of all. The most primitive thing in the human heart is the desire to keep the thing that we have, that we feel we want.

That is the foundation of all war; that is the basis of this primitive instinct. Well, now, the world went riot in the realm of the primitive, and we had all sorts of primitive conditions extant, social customs were disturbed. The great democracy of the trenches whereby the son of a poverty stricken drunkard wore the same uniform as the son of the bank president, and there together in the trenches of Europe that great democracy of a unity of purpose percolated into their life, and social life was disturbed and unbalanced. In our own church as I well know and as you know at the time when this church was active in its Red Cross work, we had servant girls and maids making bandages and doing knitting along side of their mistresses of the home. There was a levelling of the whole social barrier that is extant in all society under similar conditions.

I am mentioning these things only to bring to you evidences of the causes which are psychologically and intangibly connected with the turmoil of today. The whole thing was upset from the top to the bottom. There was a new awakening.

In the realm of our moral standards we had, as you know, in America exactly what they had in England and in France and in Germany and all over the combatative world—we had the "war brides," and more than one of our finest girls went to the eastern sea board making the lad of her heart legally hers before he embarked for the battle-fields of Europe. That which under ordinary conditions would have been a planned affair, carefully worked out with attention to social matters and etiquette, was all thrown away, and another primitive instinct was given prominence, outside of its purely sentimental relationships which have to do without normal social life.

The world went on like that for a matter of ten years, you know, and the result of it was that this period of reaction is just a great accumulation of all of these issues, of all of these disturbances, of all of these conditions, and the result of these reactions has ushered in the problems of today, and we find ourselves reacting in America in one way and another. There is not a single department of human life that is not passing through it. The stage went through it; the church is going through it; literature is now in it; the world of poetry will probably not leave it for another century. We are all of us passing through this moment of reaction whereby we are trying as best we can to become cohesive again and to develop symmetrically again. That is what has happened to us, and that is one of the things that is the matter with our American youth. We all have a dangerous tendency to lose our sense of proportion. We get twisted in our sense of values, and the first thing we know we are emphasizing something that is of no importance, out of all proportion to the importance involved, and we begin to anchor our lives to something that has no value, when we compare it with the great values of life itself.

We are in the period, we are in the moment of trying to straighten out our sense of proportion, and it is not at all strange to me that youth should react as it is. Youth always fights the wars; you old men make wars, but young men fight them. That has always been true and always will be true. It was youth! It was youth that was most emotionally disturbed by this war; the emotional reactions were the reactions most predominant in youth. Can't you see that? Why, France had memories of 1871 when Bismarck marched down the Champs Elysees in the city of Paris. I happened to be there the night when the Parisians went down to the Alsace-Lorraine monument draped in black since 1871, — crying "Vive la France" and singing the "Marseillaise"—they pulled the black draperies from the Alsace-Lorraine monument with the memories of 1871 in their hearts.

Now France and Germany met fresh contacts comparatively with the war emotions, but America!—and you remember the War of 1898, while it was vital and while it was probably necessary and while most of our boys suffered from disease and negligence more than from bullets from the enemy, they were maimed because of yellow fever and typhus and so on, but who had any great emotional disturbance with the war of 1898?

I remember the morning I looked at the paper and saw the Maine had been blown up. And, of course, I won't tell how old I was at that time. It was 1898. I was pretty much on earth, but I remember the reaction; how I felt that the Maine had been blown up. But the war, even in my youth, brought none of that emotional reaction which it brings to the more mature youth, the youth between eighteen and twenty-five, in that dangerous period of mental and emotional and moral adjustments. Not the period of adolescence. The psychologists are quite agreed that the period of adolescence, of course, is the most vital period of life, for in that period of adolescence we form habits which determine character, and character determines destiny; between eighteen and twenty-five we are recovering from all the foibles and foolishness of youth and we are beginning to reorganize our sense of proportion; that is the time, the danger-time of youth.

So our youth of today—and all of this I have said because I want to build up for you some sort of an environment whereby you can understand what I mean when I say that our modern youth, fresh —fresh with the reactions that I have mentioned, with the disturbance of our whole moral and mental world, with the ushering in of great and striking changes into our national organizations, like the passage of the prohibition law and the Volstead Act; all of these following up a great group in the emotional reactions of war whereby we found ourselves in the wave of reform and a rebirth. The attitude on the part of a certain type of citizens who feel the need of more law, more law, and that the way to make people good is to make another law! You can meet people every day on the street, something goes wrong, somebody pounds his fist in his palm and says "Well, they ought to have a law about that matter!" Until today we are surfeited under the tragedy of law, with supervisors and censors everywhere.

My friends, do you know that the United States Congress has only been in session since early in December, and today thousands of bills have been introduced into the United States Congress! Surfeited with law!

These young people of ours in the contacts that they make and the things they get today only add to the flames of this type of individuals who feel "there ought to be a law about it." There is not a day that you don't hear "There ought to be a law against the length of skirts; a law about

bobbed hair;" a law about this and a law about that. And the best thing that could happen to America today and the thing that would do more good would be to take off from the Statute Books of this country fifty per cent of the laws and try to live up to the other fifty per cent. If we would spend more time punishing criminals instead of making loopholes by law whereby they can escape punishment, there would be less trouble with crime in the United States.

So I say, why do some of you continually take it out on the youth? You are all excited about conditions; you are all disturbed about things. You look around and see our modern youth and you take it out on them.

Well, I am very frank to confess to you that if you are at all observant you can't help but feel at times—well, "I don't know whether I want to hug them or spank them!" (Laughter). When you see them and the things they do and the way they do it, you are just halting between two emotions. You hardly know what to do. You look at them sometimes, it is awful! (Laughter). It is terrible! (Laughter).

You meet them on the street, and upon my soul, when I see some of the girls today, I don't see how the young men dare kiss them! (Laughter). It seems to me they would get a case of painter's colic! (Laughter).

And then about this clothes matter, that is another thing. That is another thing! You know that Herbert Spencer said once that the first object of dress was for the purpose of decoration,—and I am not so sure but what we are going back to first principles, —(Laughter)—and we do get a little disturbed about these things. I do. It worries me. It worries me a great deal.

I had a letter once from a woman who said she did not like to come to our church because we had too many bobbed haired girls in our choir; she said no one could sing religion and wear bobbed hair. And I don't suppose she comes any more. I never saw her, but I can describe her to you. (Laughter). I can tell you exactly what that sort of mind would do to a face. (Laughter). Why, I could pick her out of a thousand, an individual that would have that sort of an attitude toward our youth! (Applause and laughter).

Well, here is the first place to begin. We are all interested in these youngsters. I know this church is. We want to help. At least, I do, and I know this church does.

Why, if I have to give up my faith in the youth of the world, why we have to admit that civilization is a failure, and I for one am not ready to do that, and I hope I never will.

Now we want to understand. The usual way of those who are trying to solve this problem is by condemnation. They start out to condemn. And the first thing the preacher does is to get up in his pulpit, and when he looks around and finds a few young people, he starts in by saying "You are a Godless lot! (Laughter). You are all going to hell. You are bad! You have loose morals. You won't come to church." And then, of course, the young people get up and never come back,—**and I wouldn't either!** (Applause). I would not go to hear any preacher who has no confidence in humanity. (Applause). These people who are continually under-estimating the divinity of man have not much to offer this age.

FAITH IN YOURSELF AND FAITH IN HUMANITY IS FAITH IN GOD.

There is no danger for a young man or woman, no matter what the mistakes have been, there is no danger ahead for a young man or woman who has faith in themselves to straighten up and straighten out.

This sophistry of trying to solve this youth problem by condemnation! These old women —(laughter)—of both sexes (laugh-

ter)—come up to me and say: "Well, Dr. Bradley, the boys and girls today haint what they were when we were young." I say, "No, they are not, and we are glad of it." And we are. They make fun of the young people how they wear their hair and trousers. The way these university folks wear their trousers, twenty-two inches around the bottom, looks like a bag on a bean stick. And we stand and make fun of them and laugh at them. Well, well, I remember the way some of you wore your hats when you were the age of the girls you are criticizing.

Now, cleanliness is next to Godliness. That is not in the Bible. A lot of people think it is. If I were to write one I would put it in. But cleanliness is next to Godliness, and I remember when some of you criticize the freedom of modern dress, I remember how you wore your hair; great big puffs all down here (indicating) and out here (indicating) and flat on top, and you wore a great big hat, and you put it way up here (indicating) and stuck a big hat pin in it, and you wore dresses that dragged all the slime and dirt there was to be found on the street behind you. And you pinched yourself all up in irons (laughter). And now you criticize the modern girl. I don't think there is anything more sensible in the world than the physical freedom by which the modern girl gets rid of the hair she does not need and by keeping her body supple by the sports and dances of our modern time. (Applause). She is a joy to behold! (Applause). When some of you weren't much to look at (laughter).

And the same is true about our lads today. Why, it is hard work now, sometimes when I am down on Michigan Boulevard, I have to look twice to see whether it is a man or woman, boy or girl. Really, I have to look twice (laughter).

When I was a lad on the farm —I was a farm boy, Wallace. You would know that anyway, but I thought I might tell it to you (addressing Mr. Ford on the platform). When I was a lad on the farm, I remember the day Mother said "Now tomorrow we are going over to Fenton," — five miles from home—"and I am going to get you a pair of long pants that you want." I had arrived at the point in life where I wanted to wear long pants. Now they call them trousers, long trousers, but then it was long pants. The next morning we hitched up the old horse and we went over to Fenton, and I bought a suit of clothes. I think I paid six-fifty (laughter)—but anyhow, it was long pants. And I came home and Mother said "You hurry and get all dressed because I want you dressed up in your long pants when your father comes home from the shop." And I hurried up and came down all dressed up in my long pants, and when Mother looked at me I could see the tears. Couldn't blame her (laughter), but I could see the tears, and I said "Mother, what are you crying about? This is no crying matter." I was jubilant and joyous, but she was crying, and she said "Why, Preston, I just didn't want to lose my boy—and now you have grown up."

Well, when I see these little lads nowadays, little old men! I saw one this morning coming into the theater, just about that high (indicating). Hat just like a man, collar and tie and shirt just like a man, belt just like a man, long trousers just like a man, and carrying a little cane and gloves, and I looked at that little lad, and I said "Oh, if that were my boy I would not make a little old man out of him!"

Why, these youngsters of ours are going to grow up soon enough. We did not put on long pants in my time until we had fuzz on our chins and our voices were begining to crack. (Laughter). It seems to me that some of you folks are going to lose something awful early, for the

danger is psychological and it is a process by which sex consciousness is developed. The earlier the sex consciousness is developed the greater becomes the problem of morals.

I am not going to begin by criticizing our youth today. Well, these trousers worry me a little, and yet, I remember when I was a freshman in the university and I wore collegiate trousers and they were that big around (indicating), around the ankles and we had to get into them with a shoehorn (laughter); they were what we called "Peg-top" trousers. Did you ever wear "Peg-top" trousers? (laughter)—some of you men who are making fun of our boys today? Well, well, people who live in glass houses should not throw stones. My friends, the "Peg-top" was collegiate in its day and I would be ashamed of the boy in the university today who did not want to be collegiate! (Applause). I would be ashamed of him!

Why, these boys and girls of ours have a right to live according to the custom of the age in which they are in, and I am for it. No matter what you think about it, my friends, don't ever think this: that you are going to take the young people of today, all these youngsters, out of the age in which we now live and pick them up and put them back into the age out of which we have come. Don't think you will ever do it. You will have to complain and groan and find fault and grumble the rest of your lives if you think you are going to do that. You can't any more take an American boy and an American girl and make them Mid-Victorian than you can stop the rays of the sun with your bare hand. It can't be done. We have got to begin with these youngsters of ours just where they are. That increases the difficulty of the problem; but that is where we have to begin, just where they are. And it is time we stopped finding fault and making fun of them and laughing at them and criticizing them, and it is time we put our arms around them and began to love them back into the Kingdom of God. (Applause). That is the solution that will do it, and it is the only solution, my friends, that will.

Almost, every day of my life, almost every day I meet some father or mother who comes to me and says "What am I going to do about my son; what am I going to do about my girl?" You lay the blame on to the church; you lay it on to the school; you lay it on to everything. I sometimes think there is not any youth problem, but that there is only a parent problem. I sometimes think there isn't any youth problem at all. Our youngsters are doing pretty well with the world they have to live in. Sin is winked at as it has never been winked at before. Mr. Ford has told you of the terrible tragedy of the theater and he told you the truth. You and I know all about the miscarriage of justice that is to be found everywhere. Deception that seems to be at times prevalent in the administration of justice and all that it involves. The power of money, Money!—stands out today as one of the tragedies of our contemporary life. And there has been a break-down of moral stability everywhere, and when you have a break-down of one law you have a break-down of all laws. And our young people today are in the midst of a maelstrom. There has never been anything like it in the history of America. There have been times like it in the history of Rome and in the history of Greece, and because I see so clearly the history of Rome is the reason why I do not want my America to go the way they have gone, and that is why I am anchoring to the youth of today. They are doing well with conditions as they are. For, my friends, you know it and I know it that things were never so easy. When I was young things were guarded a little more. When I was young and a lad in the university showed up with liquor on his breath he was ostracized; when I was in school the

woman that had the least shadow of suspicion as to her character was never accepted. Never! Even in the provincialism of a little country town. When you and I were lads we saw different things than we are seeing today. Now the braggadocio of money meets the challenge of our contemporary life and rides over the conventions of the past, and because it does is the reason why the youth of today needs us as they never needed us before.

It never was as easy to go straight to hell as it is today.

A young boy or a young girl can slide into hell before they realize what has happened. Why, it is so easy. The automobile has increased the opportunities for demoralization of body and soul, weakening and sin everywhere; and because it has, is no reason why these youngsters of ours should be condemned. Quite to the contrary. There is all the reason in the world why they should be helped.

They do not need our criticism; they do not need our condemnation; they need our cooperation. That is what they need today.

How long has it been, my father-friend since that fine lad of yours, eighteen or twenty years old; how long has it been since you, hard business man, said to him "Son, you and I today are going to have a day together, and you go down to the theater office and see if you can get two seats for a theater." Then you take that lad out to dinner, just you two, all alone, your pal and your friend, all alone. And then in the quietness and the loveliness of your newborn comradeship just say to him "Son, we have been growing apart lately. I don't know what's the matter. Maybe I am wrong. Can't we be friends and pull together again?" How long has it been since you fathers who are worrying about that son of yours have tried to find your way back again into his heart? Perhaps he has been waiting for you and he has found in the starvation of the emotions a release for those emotions in some other way. And he may break your heart, and you wonder why.

How has it been with that daughter and with this mother where something has happened. She does not understand you and you do not understand her. How long has it been that you have gone to her and put your arms around her and just worked your way carefully and gradually into her heart of hearts and had a rebirth of the finest thing in all the world, the comradeship between a mother and her children!

Now to this youth of ours, this youth that is telling us what is the matter with the church, this youth that is telling us what is the matter with the theater, this youth that is telling us what is the matter with the universities, this youth that tells us how to stop wars, this youth that tells us about our economic disturbances and social disturbances, this youth with its optimism and its prophesy and its vision, this youth with its vision, this youth that does not wait, but is always in a hurry, this vibrant, sweet youth of America and of the world,—all of which is worth salvaging, all of it is worth saving.

If I can bring one young man or woman in this audience here or out there in the radio audience, just one life that has listened to the things I have said today, to gather up and try to get up his self-respect, that sets their mark high, that hitches their wagon to a star, that looks out into the future of character and of love and of nobility, that does not practice the falsity of a false ambition, that will not say as Cardinal Wolsey said "Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king, he would not in mine age have left me naked to mine enemies," I will be content today.

A life serving with the highest good for humanity is a life that is never impoverished in its hour of trouble or care.

So to the youth of the Missis-

sippi Valley I say today, to the youth of this audience: We are for you, for you—body and soul. Go ahead and tell us what is wrong with us. We will make up our own minds whether you are right or not, but we like your attitude. Criticize the older generation all you please, but as long as you will act for us and paint for us and dream for us and keep our hearts from growing old by the spirit of your youth we shall have faith in the future destiny of the race.

Forward then, march on! We love your arrogance, we love your egotism, we love your scintillating brilliancy, we love it all, but there is only one thing we cannot stand, just one,—and every father and every mother here knows what that is. We can stand for our loss of money; we can lose our position; we can fight with our back up against the stone wall of the world; we can go down into decay and we can suffer the pangs of physical things, but there is one thing we cannot stand, just one: We cannot stand to have **you fail.** We will stand everything else. But the thing that will break our hearts and the thing that will collapse our soul will be when the world points its finger at you and says "He failed." "He failed!" We cannot stand to have you fail. We will stand everything else.

We want the world to say some day when they see a tall fellow ahead of the crowd marching strong and fearless and proud,—"There he goes, my son." "There she goes, my daughter."

And then come what may we will be happy in just being the fathers and the mothers of such as these.

BOOK CHATS

I wonder if any lover of good and beautiful books has ever adequately or satisfactorily written of the joy they feel when the first acquaintance is made with a great book? I covet the ability to express my emotions when I meet a worth while book. It is a moment vibrant with the finest emotions in life. Books are very human in their attractions and appeals. Of course, I am never sure of the endurance of the affection until the subject matter is known but when the format is winsome our aesthetic tastes bid us investigate further. It is an epoch day with me when I meet a good and beautiful book.

The other night I returned to my study at a late hour. I had been lecturing and I was weary. I saw on my desk a package. A package on my desk always means—books. The hour is never too late and the body never too tired for me to retire without investigating the package. I could never get to sleep with the thought jumping back and forth in my mind that there was a package of books on the study table that had not been opened. The night of which I write was no exception. I opened my package and behold—Carl Sandburg's two volume work on Abraham Lincoln was before me. Joy filled my soul! Sandbury on Lincoln! I have known Carl Sandburg for years. I knew him first when he was writing and working on a short-lived daily paper known as "To-Day." It was a protesting sheet with radical sympathies which tarried for a day and then went the way of many publications, which do not have an inexhaustible treasury. I liked the little newspaper for which Sandburg worked and wrote. It had personality and was out of the rut. I have watched and read Carl Sandburg all of these years. I remember the evening when Sandburg, Clarence Darrow,

Jones, Harriet Monroe and myself were the speakers at the Walt Whitman Fellowship dinner. Just before we sat down to the tables Sandburg took me aside and read his poem, "To A Contemporary Bunk Shooter." He was going to read the poem for the first time later in the evening at the dinner but he was fearful lest it was too shocking in its language. He evidently thought if it would pass muster with a clergyman that he might chance it on the others. To say the least it was brutally frank and equally as true. The "bunk shooter" at whom he was aiming was our national institution known as Billy Sunday. Sandburg read the poem but as it was a Whitman dinner there were no casualties. The poem is published in an expurgated form in one of Sandburg's books of poems.

Carl Sandburg is of the Lincoln mold and I know of no other writer who brings to the subject of Lincoln a richer endowment for interpreting the soul of Father Abraham. He is no moralist concerned with uplift. He does not try to make Lincoln fit into some theory of his own. Lincoln was the greatest work of art civilization has yet produced. Lincoln was a poet. Mrs. Lincoln said her husband's religion was a "kind of poetry." Sandburg is an artist and a poet.

Who is better qualified to interpret Lincoln than one of his kind? Carl Sandburg has made a contribution to the literature of the world in this incomparable work. He has enriched our culture and forever hereafter we will not know our Lincoln fully unless we know what Carl Sandburg found in his soul.

Late the other evening I was hurrying through the corridor of the Pennsylvania station in New York City. A voice shouted, "Bradley." I turned and looked into the expressive face of Carl Sandburg. A cigar which had outlived its usefulness was in his mouth, his coat collar was turned up, he needed a shave, in one hand was a battered guitar case, in the other a worn travelling case, while on his head was a soft hat unconsciously crushed at an artistic angle. We were both in a hurry—one always is in New York. There was time for just a greeting. We wasted no time on banalities. I spoke of his book. His face glowed. He is beautifully human—this Sandburg. "Bring your set to The Daily News and I will autograph it with a little sentiment all for you" was his final sentence as we went our separate ways. He knows and understands this working, sweating, crushing, grasping, struggling, sinning world and because he does he understands Lincoln better than all the uplifters and reformers in the world.

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"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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Church Trustees Meeting—Second Monday evenings.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

Members of the Woman's Club are certainly as busy as a swarm of bees! All during February a chain of Sewing Bees have been held in the homes, bringing the members together, especially those not so well acquainted, in a delightfully informal and social manner. Quite a little work for the Easter Bazaar has been accomplished in this way as well. During March a chain of card parties will be given, adding link upon link until these chains when completed will have made a goodly sum for the Woman's Club pledge for the Building Fund. A very pleasant card party was held at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, Feb. 22. Also on this occasion there was a Bake Sale sponsored by the group of which Mrs. R. A. Pellage is chairman, most delectable home made goodies were on sale, so tempting that not nearly enough was provided to supply the demand. On March 19 a tea was given at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Bradley from three until six o'clock. This was a Donation Tea, as the price of admission was an article suitable for the Easter Bazaar, which is scheduled to take place the last week in March. By the close of the Club year in April the Woman's Club is desirous of paying every cent of their $5,000 pledge to the Building Fund.

March 8th Dr. Bradley gave the fourth of his course of lectures for the Club at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, his subject being "The Life and Letters of Anatole France."

March 22nd Mr. Duncan Clark will address the Woman's Club on the subject "You and Your Newspapers."

The March program for the Educational Dept. is specially interesting, March 1st the subject being "Classes and Masses of Society in Chicago," Mrs. W. H. Hermsdorf chairman, and March 15th "Chicago Journalism" with Mrs. M. Riley as chairman. Following this program in the afternoon a visit will be made to the Tribune Building.

March 29th the subject of the morning will be "Chicago as an Industrial Center," Mrs. E. A. Printz, chairman.

—G. T. B.

THE MEN'S FORUM

On the evening of Feb. 26, the Forum held the first number on its Lecture Course. Channing Hall was crowded to hear Judge Stebbins and Hon. Julian Skinner debate on "The World Court." The sentiment was about equally divided on the issue and a most interesting period of discussion followed the debate. The following numbers on the course are yet to be given:

March 21—"The Crumbling British Empire" by Prof. Scott Nearing, an authority on Economics.

April 19—"The Youth Movement in America" by Howard Becker, one of its leaders.

May 3—Rev. J. W. R. Maguire, Vice President St. Viator's College.

May 24—"Ancient and Modern Mexico" by A. Cantu, M. A., a native Mexican.

The charge for the lecture course tickets is one dollar and fifty cents. They are on sale in the lobby of the theater. As the seating capacity of Channing Hall is limited it is necessary to procure the tickets early. The single admission is fifty cents. The course has been arranged by the Program Committee with the idea of presenting a diversity of subjects and a breadth of appeal. After each lecture a discussion will be held in which the audience is invited to participate. Members or the radio audience may secure reservations by phoning Mr. Dumont at Juniper 10268. An invitation is extended to all.

THE TEMPLE CLUB

The Temple Club is having its busiest year. There are an increasing number of activities which are being loyally supported and attended by the younger group in the church.

A Literary Department has been organized which meets the second and fourth Tuesday evenings of every month at the studio of Mr. Charles Francis Edson. Mr. Edson is conducting the department and has a course of study and interpretation outlined which is exceptionally valuable and attractive. This department is open to all of the young people of the congregation and club.

On Sunday afternoon the club met by invitation with the Wilson Ave. Y. M. C. A. and presented the program. A large attendance from the club was present.

These Sunday afternoons have been planned by the Y. M. C. A. for the purpose of getting the various young people's societies of the north shore acquainted with each other's work.

The club meets for a social hour on Sunday evenings at six thirty in Channing Hall. The officers and members of the club are desirous of interesting the many young people in our congregation in the work of the club. An effort is made to maintain a balanced schedule of activities. The officers of the club will be glad to meet any of the young people and explain to them the purpose and ideals of the club.

—H. E. O.

THE SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

The members and faculty of the School are all anxiously looking forward to their new home in the new church. Mr. A. W. Fuchs, the Superintendent has started a library for the School and is collecting books suitable to the interests of a liberal religious school. Mr. Fuchs invites the members of the church and congregation to donate books to this library. The library will have a place in the new church and will be at the service of members of the school. Dr. Bradley has presented one hundred volumes from his own library. Those who desire to make gifts to the library will kindly phone or write Mr. Fuchs, 1611 Wilson Ave., Sunnyside 1324.

The attendance during the month has been exceptionally gratifying. Some of the classes are beginning to organize for their spring athletic contests with other church teams.

The school engages a trained kindergarten worker to look after and entertain the smaller children during the hour of the church services across the street. Parents are invited to leave their children at the Church School while attending the services. Parents are also invited to attend the school sessions and see the school in operation.

—R. A. H.

THE CHORUS CHOIR

The choir held a ministrel show at Huntinghouse Academy on the evening of March 3rd for the Benefit of the Building and Robe Fund of the choir. The entertainment was most appreciatingly enjoyed and was unusually successful. The members taking part gave splendid evidence of training and ability. The church deeply appreciates the work of the volunteer choir. The entertainment was produced under the direction of Mr. Dewitt Durgin Lash, the director. The choir has given some beautiful anthems during the month and greatly contributed to the beauty of the services.

Mr. Clarence Eddy, our organist, was absent one Sunday. Mr. Eddy returned to his old home in Massachusetts for a recital. He was given an ovation and the Boston papers were lavish in their report of the engagement. Mr. Eddy has played some brilliant recitals preceding the processional during the month. Almost every radio letter received by the church office mentions the music of the church.

CHURCH NEWS

February was the best month in every particular that the church has had this season. The audiences have been the best of the year. Practically every seat has been filled during the month. On the last Sunday of the month Dr. Bradley preached on "Listening In" which was directly planned for the Radio audience. Our auditorium was filled. People were present from South Bend, Michigan City, Grand Rapids, Elgin, DeKalb, Milwaukee, Davenport, Moline, Joliet, Springfield and various other towns and cities. The radio audience has been unusually gracious in their letters during the month. An effort is made by the church office to answer in a personal way every letter written to the church. Because of the hundreds of letters there is frequently a delay. The writers are asked to be patient and ultimately their letters will be acknowledged.

Every organization connected with the church is active and growing. A spirit of cooperation and fellowship pervades the entire church.

The Fourteenth Annual Banquet of the church was held Friday evening February 19th in the Grand Ballroom of the Edgewater Beach Hotel. Five hundred members and friends of the church attended. There were no outside speakers. The entire program of speaking and music was given by members of the church. Mr. John E. Webber, gave a very interesting program of readings, Mr. James H. Griffin, Mrs. Helen Benson Lofgren, Mr. Stuart Barker and the choir gave some excellent vocal selections. Mr. C. K. Anderson was introduced by Dr. Bradley. Mr. Anderson is the President of the Board of Trustees of the church and has been continuously engaged for months with the details involved in the building of the new church.

Mr. Anderson was enthusiastically received by the audience. The entire church realizes the debt which it owes to his tireless efforts. He made a very fine address and was impressive in his interest for the completion of the building and the future of the church. Mr. Anderson has given much of his time this winter as chairman of the Building Committee to the building program. After Mr. Anderson's address Dr. Bradley made the concluding address which was a ringing appeal for the Building Fund. A campaign was started which will close Easter Sunday. Between now and Easter the church is making a supreme effort for its Building Fund. There is much money yet to be raised and we are all going to work hard.

The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing. All agreed that it was one of the most enjoyable and successful events ever given by the church.

The Radio Audience has written some very interesting and inspiring letters during the month. These letters are all filed and will be kept for future reference. Mrs. Thos. A. Harrison has been elected Assistant Secretary and is handling the radio mail. Every radio letter will be personally answered.

Are you a subscriber to our church paper—The Liberal? For one dollar a year this magazine will be mailed to any address in America. Every number will contain a sermon and editorials written by Dr. Bradley. An effort is made to print the affairs of the church and make the paper a mirror of our church life. Kindly send your name and one dollar to Mrs. T. H. Harrison, 4631 Sheridan Road, Chicago, if you would like the magazine.

Dr. Bradley's calendar for the month is as follows:—February 7th sermon Peoples Church; February 8th—Meeting Board of Directors Chicago Public Library, Lecture "The Miracle", Woman's Club, Edgewater Beach Hotel;

February 9th, Lecture Sales Force, Barry Company Chicago Temple Building; February 12th, address "Lincoln" Arche Club, Kenwood Club, Hyde Park Branch Chicago Public Library; February 14th, two sermons, Peoples Church and west side Y. M. C. A.; February 15th, Chicago Liberal Minister's Association and Hobo College on "Washington."; February 16th, two lectures, Rotary Club and banquet, Anderson, Indiana; Feb. 17th, address Constellation Lodge of Masons; Feb. 18th, Lecture Isaac Walton banquet, South Bend, Indiana; Feb. 19th, Lecture Edgewater Drama Study Club and Annual Banquet Peoples Church; Feb. 21, sermon Peoples Church; Feb. 22nd, two addresses, Boy Scout Dinner Ravenswood Congregational Church and Hobo College; Feb. 24th, New York City; Feb. 25th, Meeting Commission on Survey, Orange, New Jersey; Feb. 26th, Lecture Market St. Presbyterian Church, Lima, Ohio; Feb. 28th, sermon Peoples Church.

FUNERALS

Feb. 11—Mrs. Flora Wilson, Interment Leland, Mich.

Feb. 20—Frederick Hermsdorf, Interment Rosehill,

Feb. 27—Edward Sands, Interment, Rosehill.

WEDDINGS

Feb. 6—Mr. Walter A. Miller and Miss Elizabeth Unzicker.

Feb. 13—Mr. Harold A. O'Connor and Miss Jessie Swires.

Feb. 22—Mr. Harold J. Tucker and Miss Penelope Zoch.

The next Public Reception of new members will be held Easter Sunday, April 4th. If you desire membership in the Peoples Church will you kindly send your name to Dr. Bradley or the assistant secretary at your earliest convenience?

Ten Commandments for Church Attendants

I. Thou shalt not come to service late,
Nor for th' Amen refuse to wait.

II. Thy noisy tongue thou shalt restrain
When speaks the organ its refrain.

III. But when the hymns are sounded o.
Thou shalt lift up thy voice and shout.

IV. The endmost seat thou shalt leave free,
For more must share the pew with thee.

V. The offering-plate thou shalt not fear,
But give thine uttermost with cheer.

VI. Thou shalt the bulletin peruse,
And look there for the Church's news.

VII. Thou shalt the minister give heed,
Nor blame him when thou'rt disagreed.

VIII. Unto thy neighbor thou shalt l.
And if a stranger, make a friend.

IX. Thou shalt in every way be kind,
Compassionate, of tender mind.

X. And so, by all thy spirit's grace,
Thou shalt show God within this place.

Dr. John H. Holmes, Pastor of the Community Church, New York City

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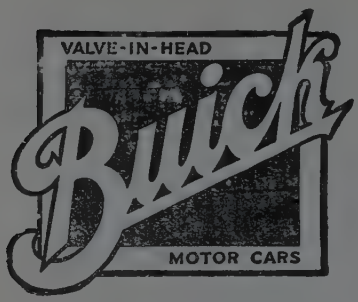

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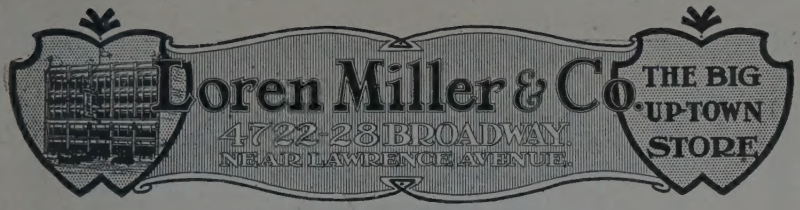

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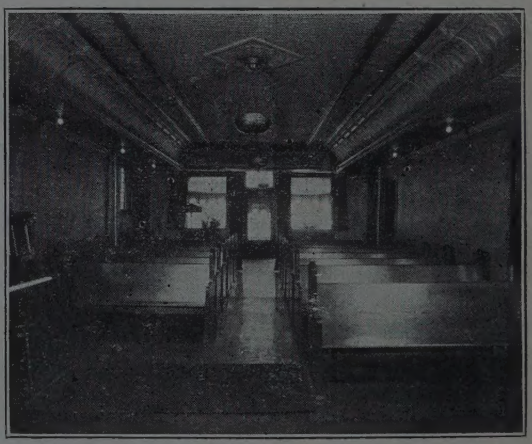

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